PALATINE HILL.

A wolf-like stream without a sound
Steals by, and hides beneath the shore,
Its awful secrets evermore
Within its sullen bosom bound.

And this was Rome, that shrieked for room
To stretch her limbs! A hill of caves
For half-wild beasts and hairy slaves;
And gypsies tent within her tomb!

Two lone palms on the Palatine,
Two rows of cypress, black and tall,
With white roots set in Cæsar's hall—
A garden, convent and a sweet shrine.

Tall cedars on a broken wall,
That look away toward Lebanon,
And seem to mourn for grandeur gone;
A wolf, an owl—and that is all.
—Joaquin Miller.

THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHAPTER VIII—CONTINUED.

We have seen John in nothing but the stormiest conditions. We have seen him reckless, desperate, tried beyond his moderate powers; of his daily self, cheerful, regular, not unthrifty, we have seen nothing; and it may thus be a surprise to the reader to learn that he was studiously careful of his health. This favorite preoccupation now awoke. If he were to sit there and die of cold, there would be mighty little gained; better the police cell and the chances of a jury trial, than the miserable certainty of death at a dike-side before the next winter's dawn, or death a little later in the gas-lighted wards of an infirmary.

He rose on aching legs, and stumbled here and there among the rubbish heaps, still circumvented by the yawning crater of the quarry; or perhaps he only thought so, for the darkness was already dense, the snow was growing thicker and he moved like a blind man; and with a blind man's terrors. At last he climbed a fence thinking to drop into the road, and found himself staggering, instead, among the iron furrows of a plowland, endless, it seemed as a whole country. And next he was in a wood, beating among young trees; and then he was aware of a house with many lighted windows, Christmas carriages waiting at the doors, and Christmas drivers (for Christmas has a double edge) becoming swiftly hooded with snow. From this glimpse of human cheerfulness he fled like Cain; wandered in the night, unpiloted, careless of whither he went; fell, and lay and then arose again and wandered further; and at last, like a transformation scene, behold him in the lighted jaws of the city, staring at a lamp which had already donned the tilted nightcap of the snow. It came thickly now, a "feeding storm;" and while he yet stood blinking at the lamp, his feet were buried. He remembered something like it in the past, a street lamp crowned and caked upon the windward side with snow, the wind uttering its mournful hoot, himself looking on, even as now; but the cold had struck too sharply on his wits, and memory failed him as to the date and sequel of the reminiscence.

His next conscious moment was on the Dean bridge; but whether he was John Nicholson, of a bank in California street or some former John, a clerk in his father's office, he had now clean forgotten. Another blank and he was thrusting his pass-key into the lock on his father's house.

Hours must have passed. Whether crouched on the cold stones or wandering in the fields among the snow, was more than he could tell; but hours had passed. The finger of the old clock was close on twelve; a narrow peep of gas in the hall lamp shed shadows, and the door of the back room—his father's room—was open and emitted a warm light. At so late an hour all this was strange; the lights should have been out, the doors locked, the good folk safe in bed. He marveled at the irregularity, leaning on the hall table, and marvelled to himself there; and thawed and grew once more hungry, in the warmer air of the house.

The clock uttered its premonitory catch. In five minutes Christmas day would be among the days of the past. Christmas!—what a Christmas! Well, there was no use of waiting. He had come into that house, he scarce knew how; if they were to thrust him forth again, it had best be done at once; and he moved to the door of the back room and entered.

Oh, well, then he was insane, as he had long believed.

There, in his father's room, at midnight, the fire was roaring and the gas blazing; the papers, the sacred papers—to lay a hand on which was criminal—had all been taken off and piled along the floor; a cloth was spread, and a supper laid, upon the business table; and in his father's chair a woman, habited like a nun, sat eating. As he appeared in the doorway the nun rose, gave a low cry, and stood staring. She was a woman, strong, calm, a little masculine, her features marked with courage and good sense, and as John blinked back at her a faint resemblance dodged about his memory, as when a tune haunts us, and yet will not be recalled.

"Why, it's John!" cried the nun.

"I dare say I'm mad," said John, unconsciously following King Lear; "but, upon my word, I do believe you're Flora."

And yet it is not Flora at all, thought John. Flora was slender, and timid, and of changing color, and dewy-eyed; and had Flora such an Edinburg accent? But he said none of these things, which was perhaps as well. What he said was "Then why are you a nun?"

"Such nonsense!" said Flora. "I'm a sick nurse; and I am here nursing your sister, with whom, between you and me, there is precious little the matter. But that is not the question. The point is: How do you come here, and are you not ashamed to show yourself?

"Flora," said John sepulchrally. "I haven't taken anything for three days. Or, at least, I don't know what day it is; but I guess I'm starving."

"You unhappy man!" she cried. "Here, sit down and eat my supper; and I'll just run upstairs and see my patient, not but what I doubt she's fast asleep; for Maria is a malade imaginaire."

With this specimen of the French, not of Stratford-atte-Bowe, but of a finishing establishment in Moray place, she left John alone in his father's sanctum. He fell at once upon the food; and it is to be supposed that Flora had found her patient wakeful, and been detained with some details of nursing, for he had time to make a full end of all there was to eat, and not only to empty the teapot, but to fill it again from a kettle that was fitfully singing on his father's fire. Then he sat torpid, and pleased and bewildered; his misfortunes were then half forgotten; his mind considering, not without regret, this unsentimental return to his old love.

He was thus engaged, when that bustling woman noiselessly reentered.

"Have you eaten?" said she. "Then tell me all about it."

It was a long and, as the reader knows, a pitiful story; but Flora heard it with compressed lips. She was lost in none of those questionings of human destiny that have, from time to time, arrested the flight of my own pen; for women, such as she, are no philosophers, and behold the concrete only. And women, such as she, are very hard on the imperfect man.

"Very well," said she, when he had done; "then down upon your knees at once, and beg God's forgiveness."

And the great baby plumped upon his knees, and did as he was bid; and none the worse for that! But while he was heartily enough requesting forgiveness on general principles, the rational side of him distinguished, and wondered if, perhaps the apology were not due upon the other part. And when he rose again from that becoming exercise, he first eyed the face of his old love doubtfully, and then, taking heart, entered his protest.

"I must say, Flora," said he, "in all this business I can see very little fault of mine."

"If you had written home," replied the lady, "there would have been none of it. If you had even gone to Murrayfield reasonably sober, you would never have slept there, and the worst would not have happened. Besides, the whole thing began years ago. You got into trouble, and when your father, honest man, was disappointed, you took the pet, or got afraid, and ran away from punishment. Well, you've had your own way of it, John, and I don't suppose you like it."

"I sometimes fancy I'm not much better than a fool," sighed John.

"My dear John," said she, "not much!"

He looked at her and his eyes fell. A certain anger rose within him; here was a Flora he disowned; she was hard; she was of a set color; a settled, mature, undecorative manner; plain of speech, plain of habit—he had come near saying, plain of face. And this changeling called herself by the same name as the many-colored, clinging child of yore: she of the frequent laughter, and the many sighs, and the kind, stolen glances. And to make all worse, she took the upper hand with him, which (as John well knew) was not the true relation of the sexes. He steeled his heart against this sick nurse.

"And how do you come to be here?" he asked.

She told him how she had nursed her father in his long illness, and when he died, and she was left alone, had taken to nursing others, partly from habit, partly to be of some service in the world; partly, it might be, for amusement. "There's no accounting for taste," said she. And she told him how she went largely to the houses of old friends, as the need arose; and how she was thus doubly welcome, as an old friend first, and then as an experienced nurse, to whom doctors would confide the gravest cases.

"And, indeed, it's a mere farce my being here for poor Maria," she continued; "but your father takes her ailment to heart, and I cannot always be refusing him. We are great friends, your father and I; he was very kind to me long ago—ten years ago."

A strange stir came in John's heart. All this while had he been thinking only of himself? All this while, why had he not written to Flora? In penitential tenderness, he took her hand, and to his awe and trouble it remained in his, compliant. A voice told him this was Flora, after all—told him so quietly, yet with a thrill of singing.

"And you never married?" said he.

"No, John; I never married," she replied.

The hall clock striking two recalled them to the sense of time.

"And now," said she, "you have been fed and warmed, and I have heard your story, and now it's high time to call your brother."

"Oh!" cried John, chap-fallen; "do you think that absolutely necessary?"

"I can't keep you here; I am a stranger, said she. "Do you want to run away again? I thought you had enough of that."

He bowed his head under the reproof. She despised him, he reflected, as he sat once more alone; a monstrous thing for a woman to despise a man; and strangest of all, she seemed to like him. Would his brother despise him, too? And would his brother like him?

And presently the brother appeared, under Flora's escort; and, standing afar off beside the doorway, eyed the hero of this tale.

"So this is you?" he said at length.

"Yes, Alick, it's me—it's John," replied the elder brother, feebly.

"And how did you get in here?" inquired the younger.

"Oh, I had my pass-key," says John.

"The deuce you had!" said Alexander. "Ah, you lived in a better world! There are no pass-keys going now."

"Well, father was always averse to them," sighed John. And the conversation then broke down, and the brothers looked askance at one another in silence.

"Well, and what the devil are we to do?" said Alexander. "I suppose if the authorities got wind of you, you would be taken up?"

"It depends on whether they've found the body or not," returned John. "And then there's that cabman, to be sure!"

"Oh, bother the body!" said Alexander. "I mean about the 'other thing. That's serious."

"Is that what my father spoke about?" asked John. "I don't even know what it is."

"About your robbing your bank in California, of course," replied Alexander.

It was plain, from Flora's face, that this was the first she had heard of it; it was plainer still, from John's, that he was innocent.

"I!" he exclaimed. "I rob my bank? My God! Flora, this is too much; even you must allow that."

"Meaning you didn't?" asked Alexander.

"I never robbed a soul in all my days," cried John; "except my father, if you call that robbery; and I brought him back the money in this room, and he wouldn't even take it."

"Look here, John," said his brother; "let us have no misunderstanding upon this. Macewen saw my father; he told him a bank you had worked for in San Francisco was writing over the habitable globe to have you collared—that it was supposed you had nailed thousands, and it was dead certain you had nailed three hundred. So Macewen said, and I wish you would be careful how you answer. I may tell you, also, that your father paid the three hundred on the spot."

"Three hundred?" repeated John. "Three hundred pounds, you mean? That's fifteen hundred dollars. Why, then, it's Kirkman!" he broke out. "Thank heaven! I can explain all that. I gave them to Kirkman to pay it for me the night before I left—fifteen hundred dollars and a letter to the manager. What do they suppose I would steal fifteen hundred dollars for? I'm rich; I struck it rich in stocks. It's the silliest stuff I ever heard of. All that's needful is to cable to the manager; Kirkman has the fifteen hundred—find Kirkman. He was a fellow-clerk of mine, and a hard case; but, to do him justice, I didn't think he was as hard as this."

"And what do you say to that, Alick?" asked Flora.

"I say the cablegram shall go tonight!" cried Alexander, with energy. "Answer prepaid, too. If this thing can be cleared away—and upon my word I do believe it can—we shall be able to hold up our heads again. Here, you John, you stick down the address of your bank manager. You, Flora, you can pack John into my bed, for which I have no further use to-night. As for me, I am off to the postoffice, and thence to the High street about the dead body. The police ought to know, you see, and they ought to know through John; and I can tell them some rigamarole about my brother being a man of highly nervous organization, and the rest of it. And then, I'll tell you what, John—did you notice the name upon the cab?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Value of the Shilling.

We know that in Shakespeare's day—say A. D. 1600—six pence a day was a fortune for any workingman—say the equivalent of £10 per annum. A century earlier, before the access to America was open to English explorers, one of the Ardens of Warwichshire left an annuity of forty shillings per annum to a younger son, probably the poet's great-granduncle. Then, if six pence a day would now be the equivalent of twenty shillings a week, then twenty shillings per annum would equate to £120 of present values. Valid facts in minor details can be gleaned from the late Professor Thorold Rogers' "History of Agriculture and Prices."—Notes and Queries.

The Stage in Shakespeare's Day.

In Shakespeare's day there was no scenery used on the stage; the only decorations were tapestries and curtains. In those days the actors and actresses had to do more than merely repeat their lines; they had to supply the scenic effect—what little there was—as well as the action of the performance. They had no races with real horses and a moving panorama, nor any saw mill, with a real buzz saw and real logs, to fall back upon. The effect of the situation was not helped out by any real water and real ice floating on it, and realism as represented by live bloodhounds and reformed burglars and ex-convicts was unknown.

Breaking Bread.

Charlie, sadly—Since you've been married, Tom, you never ask me to break bread with you.

Tom—There's a good reason for it, old fellow. You couldn't break the bread we have at our house; you couldn't do more than bend it.

JOINT RESOLUTIONS.

To be Voted Upon at the Spring Election, Monday, April 3, 1893.

JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 9.

RESOLVED BY THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN. That an amendment to section nine of article fourteen of the constitution of this state be and the same is hereby proposed to read as follows:

SECTION 9. The state shall not be a party to or interested in any work of internal improvement, nor engaged in carrying on any such work except in the expenditure of grants to the state of land or other property; PROVIDED, HOWEVER, That the legislature of the state by appropriate legislation may authorize the city of Grand Rapids to issue its bonds for the improvement of the navigation of Grand river.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That said amendment shall be submitted to the people of this state at the next spring election, on the first Monday of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, and the secretary of state is hereby required to give notice of the same to the sheriffs of the several counties of this state at least twenty days prior to said election, and the said sheriffs are required to give the several notices required by law for general elections. And it shall be the duty of the several boards of election commissioners in the several counties in this state, in preparing the ballots to be used at such election to have printed thereon the words, "Amendment to the constitution relative to authorizing the city of Grand Rapids to issue its bonds for the improvement of the navigation of Grand river." And below the same upon the ballot shall be placed, in separate lines, the words "Yes" and "No," and each elector shall designate his vote by a cross mark placed opposite the word "Yes" or the word "No." The manner of voting shall conform to the provisions of act number one hundred and ninety of the public acts of eighteen hundred and ninety-one, entitled "An act to prescribe the manner of conducting and to prevent fraud and deception at elections in this State."

JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 10.

RESOLVED BY THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN. That an amendment to section one of article nine of the constitution of this state be and the same is hereby proposed to read as follows:

SECTION 1. The Governor shall receive an annual salary of $4,000; the Lieutenant Governor shall receive an annual salary of $1,250; the judges of the circuit court shall receive an annual salary of $2,500; the superintendent of Public Instruction shall receive an annual salary of $2,000; the Secretary of State shall receive an annual salary of $2,000; the Commissioner of the Land Office shall receive an annual salary of $2,000. They shall receive no fees or perquisites whatever for the performance of any duties connected with their office. It shall not be competent for the Legislature to increase the salaries herein provided.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That said amendment shall be submitted to the people of this state at the next spring election, on the first Monday of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, and the Secretary of State is hereby required to give notice of the same to the sheriffs of the several counties of this state, at least fifteen days prior to said election. The ballots for and against this amendment shall be printed at the foot of the general ticket as provided by section eighteen of act one hundred and ninety of the public acts of 1891. The ballots shall in all respects be canvassed and returns made as in the elections of judges of the supreme court and regents of the University.

JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 11.

RESOLVED BY THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN, That an amendment to the constitution of this state adding one new section thereto to be known as section — of article — and the same is hereby proposed to read as follows:

SECTION —. The Legislature may provide for the laying out construction and maintenance of county and township roads and may provide that any road heretofore laid out shall be a county or township road. County roads may be maintained at the expense of the county, and township roads at the expense of the township.

County roads shall be under the control of a board of commissioners not to exceed five in number who shall be elected by the people, the number of said commissioners to be fixed by the board of supervisors of the county.

For the construction and maintenance of county roads the commissioners may provide for an annual tax not exceeding two dollars upon each one thousand dollars of the assessment roll of the county for the preceding year.

No county shall incur any indebtedness or issue any bonds for the construction or maintenance of county roads except upon a vote of two-thirds of all the supervisors elected, and then to be approved by a majority vote at any general or special election; nor shall any such indebtedness at any time exceed three per cent of the valuation of the county upon the last preceding assessment roll.

The Legislature may modify, change or repeal the powers and duties of the township commissioner of highways and overseer of highways. The Legislature may pass all necessary laws to carry this amendment into effect: PROVIDED, That any act or acts passed by the Legislature to carry this amendment into effect shall provide for a county and township system, and the county system shall become operative only in such counties as shall adopt it by a majority vote of the electors of said county, after the said question has been submitted to them by at two thirds vote of all the members elect of the board of supervisors of such county, at a general or special election called for that purpose.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That said amendment shall be submitted to the people of this state at the next spring election, on the first Monday of April, 1893, and the Secretary of State is hereby required to give notice of the same to the sheriffs of the several counties of this state at least fifteen days prior to said election and the said sheriffs are required by law, and it shall be the duty of the several boards of election commissioners in the several counties of this State, in preparing the ballots to be used at such election to have printed thereon the words "Amendment to the constitution relative to conferring power on the Legislature to enact laws for the creation of county and township boards of highway commissioners," and below the same upon the ballot shall be placed in separate lines the words "Yes" and "No," and each elector shall designate his vote by a cross placed opposite the word "Yes" or the word "No."

AND BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That all provisions of act number 190 of the public acts of 1891, so far as the same relate to the time required for the Secretary of State to give notice of the same to the sheriffs of the several counties, shall not be applicable to joint resolutions No. 10 and 11.

JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 12.

RESOLVED by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Michigan, That an amendment to section 8, of article 6, of the constitution of this State be and the same is hereby proposed to read as follows:

SEC. 8. The circuit courts shall have original jurisdiction in all matters civil and criminal, not excepted in this constitution, and not prohibited by law; and appellate jurisdiction from all inferior courts and tribunals and a supervisory control of the same. They shall also have power to issue writs of habeas corpus, mandamus, injunction, quo warranto, certiorari and other writs necessary to carry into effect their orders, judgments and decrees, and give them general control over inferior courts and tribunals within their respective jurisdictions and in all such other cases and matters as the supreme court shall by rule prescribe: BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That said amendment shall be submitted to the people of this State at the next spring election, to be held on the first Monday in April, in the year 1893, and the Secretary of State is hereby required to give notice of the same to the sheriffs of the several counties of this State at least fifteen days prior to said election and the said sheriffs are required by law. The Secretary of State shall also certify this proposed constitutional amendment to the clerk of each county in the State, and the said amendment shall be indicated upon the official ballot for said election in accordance with the provisions of act No. 190 of the public acts of 1891 entitled "An act to prescribe the manner of conducting and to prevent fraud and [deception] deceptions at elections in this State." Each person voting for said amendment shall designate his vote by a cross mark placed opposite the word "Yes," and each person voting against said amendment shall designate his vote by a cross mark placed opposite the word "No," as indicated upon said official ballot.

For each of these four joint resolutions the manner of voting shall conform to the provisions of act No. 190 of the public acts of 1891. The ballots shall in all respects be canvassed and returns made as in general elections of State officers.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

There is said to be more illiteracy in Portugal than in any other country of Europe.

Rabbits, it is said, have destroyed about 250 prune trees on the farm of L. L. McCartney of The Dalles, Ore.

Alabama produced over a million tons of pig iron last year and now disputes with Illinois the honor of being the third largest iron producing state in the union, Pennsylvania and Ohio continuing to hold the first and second places.

Colonel W. W. Call of LaGrange, Ga., exhibited a gourd that is something of a curiosity. The gourd is about five inches long and the size of a cocoanut, but the handle is forty-three inches long and only one inch in diameter, making the whole forty-seven inches in length.

Scandinavia sends to our shores the fewest illiterate persons, less than one per cent of the entire emigration from Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Italy sends the greatest number, upward of seventy-five per cent of the immigrants from that country not knowing how to read or write.

The telephotoes, the instrument invented by O. V. Boughton to enable vessels to communicate with each other at long distances, consists of a series of wire and electrical connections operated by a keyboard by which 106 incandescent lights are controlled and made to produce the signals of the Morse telegraph alphabet. The inventor claims that thirty-two candle power lamps can be seen at a distance of ten to fifteen miles.

BRILLIANTS.

It is always term time in the court of conscience.

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.

Look a difficulty squarely in the face and it will run.

The only reason we ever have any dark days is because we live too low to see the sun.

There are plenty of people who never know anything until they run against it, and then, invariably, they know too much.

Small-Pox in Wall Paper.

Many years ago a person was sick of small-pox in a farm house in the country town of Groton, and after the patient recovered the dwelling was fumigated and repapered. Ira Chester and family now dwell in the house. The paper was removed a week or so ago, and presently Mr. Chester's daughter was stricken with small-pox. In the opinion of the physician the germs of the disease were dormant in the walls of the room. In no other way is the child's sickness to be accounted for, since she had not been otherwise exposed to the malady.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

We are forcibly reminded by the above clipping from the Cincinnati Enquirer of the claims made by the sanitarians, which are, no doubt, true to a certain extent, that all disease germs find a hiding place and culture ground best adapted to their nature, and to help them along in their mission in life, in wall paper, with its vegetable paste to hold it on the wall, and its animal glue to hold its colors; that these, to say the least, are not the best materials with which to cover so much space around us as the walls in which we live and sleep, and that paper and glue are great absorbents of moisture, of which every person throws off a certain number of ounces in exhalations every day, and that such decaying material as glue and paste gives off deleterious gases in such small quantities that we do not discover them, though those who study it can smell it in most rooms papered, and especially where a number of layers of paper have been pasted upon each other, a common "nasty practice."

They claim that these conditions have more to do with our ill-health than we are aware of; that such a state of things in the room in which we live affects us more than does a change of climate, which so many seek when they find themselves failing in health; that it would be cheaper, at least, to try a change of room or one coated with some non-decaying material, before going to the expense and trouble of a change of climate. Those who live in such rooms are not usually made sick unto death, but it is claimed that they do not enjoy as good health as they otherwise might.

Lasalle citizens will settle their change of postmaster by a caucus.

WAY TO COOK STEAK.

It Must Be Broiled, the Frying Pan Being a Culinary Infamy.

Somebody says, and very truly, that the frying pan has ruined more American digestions than any other agency of the many hurtful ones employed in the kitchen. There is a good deal of truth in this statement, but after all for one thing at least we should be thankful, and that is, that the beefsteak has been rescued from the frying pan. Jenness Miller's Monthly says only benighted souls still cling to this mode of punishment. Broiled meats are more elegant, more wholesome and more palatable, but how few really good cooks understand the art! "Goodness, what an idea! Anybody can manage this part of the menu," says someone who thinks she has gotten the subject of broiling down fine. Ask her to give you her method and you will find that madam commits all the old-time mistakes without so much as a qualm of conscience.

Never wash a steak if it can be avoided. This advice does not meet with the approbation of some cooks, but these neat bodies are very careful if the meat is given a drenching to wipe it perfectly dry before cooking. Before you place your stake on the broiler, see that your fire is a glowing bed of coals, and have close at hand butter, salt, pepper and a hot platter. Now place the cut on the broiler and drop it upon the coals for two minutes, when it must be turned. In this way you secure the juices and it is then ready to receive a more moderate treatment. Watch it constantly and turn it so dexterously that it will not smoke or scorch. Ten minutes is all that is needed for a rare broil. Take a keen blade and cut into the thickest part. If the heart has lost its purple tinge transfer at once to the dish. Sprinkle liberally with bits of butter, salt and pepper. Unless you have a hot water dish do not send the steak in to the table until the family are seated. Tough steak may be made eatable by laying it on a board and making a slight incision in the meat, when, if it is rubbed with the strained juice of a lemon and placed on ice over night, it will be ready for breakfast.

Footprints of Father Adam.

Mount Samanala, or Adam's Peak, one of the highest mountains on the island of Ceylon, is the scene of a remarkable geological formation and the spot around which many curious legends and superstitions cluster. According to the Mohammedan story, Adam, after the fall and expulsion from the Garden of Eden, was taken by an angel to the top of the mountain, which now bears his name. From its summit the mind's eye of the first man saw all the ills which in after years should afflict humanity. These harrowing sights were such a weight upon the man, who, notwithstanding his sin in the garden, was yet a good man, that his foot left its imprint upon the solid rock, his tears forming a lake, the footprint and lake being both still visible. The footprint itself is 5½ feet long by 2½ feet wide and shows six perfect toes, the smaller one being as large as a good sized man's fist. For centuries devout Buddhists have made annual pilgrimages to the spot, and tradition says that the chain bridge across the canyon near the sacred footprint was put there by direction of Alexander the Great.—Philadelphia Press.

Not to Please the Public.

Young Lady, frankly—I know you are very famous, Mr. Greatname; but, although I have read a number of your articles, I did not like them one bit.

Mr. Greatname, literary lion—Of course you did not like them, my dear young lady. How could you? They were not written to please the public.

Young Lady—Not written to please the public?

Mr. Greatname—No, indeed. They were written to please the magazine editors.—Yankee Blade.

FACTS WITH FIGURES.

The revised German Bible has been completed.

It is said that 32,000 varieties of goods are now manufactured from wood.